NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 3, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Timestyle

GARRY WILLS

The Breathless General and the Honest Marshal

AN EDITORIAL

Special Issue: Summer Reading

Articles and Reviews by ..... JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

FRANCIS RUSSELL · WILLMOORE KENDALL · F. R. BUCKLEY

RUSSELL KIRK · ROBERT PHELPS · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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For the Record

Senator William Knowland will announce his candidacy for the governorship of California in September when he opens a two month speaking tour with an address to the State Republican Assembly....Senator Robert Kerr has received more mail commending his assault on President Eisenhower than condemning it. Sample: "The word 'fiscal' was entirely superfluous."

Congress has shelved the revolutionary tax bill introduced by Congressman Antoni Sadlak which would have saved taxpayers $15 billion over five years by reducing tax rates as the national economy expands (leaving the government with the same annual revenue)....An average $85-a-week American wage earner works one-and-a-half days out of five to pay his taxes....Almost a thousand more businesses failed in the first five months of 1957 than during the comparable period in 1956. The Small Business Administration may redefine "small business"—now a company with fewer than 500 employees—to make more companies eligible for its loans.

Yale University has refused its halls, and New Haven its green, to the American Council of Christian Churches to protest the presence of Communists at the annual assembly of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches—to which Yale will play host. Yale officials classified the projected "respectful protest" meeting too "controversial."

There has been a falling out between branches of the U.S. Festival Committee—established to persuade students to attend the Sixth Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Democracy in Moscow. The major job of screening applicants in New York City was assigned to "Walter Hirsch"—alias Fred Jerome, son of V. J. Jerome, the Communist editor who belongs to the Party's Foster faction. According to the Chicago branch, Jerome Junior has routed conscripts through the Canadian Festival Committee, which happens to be controlled by Foster partisans.

Speaking before the International Institute of Philosophy in Warsaw, Professor Richard McKeon of Chicago University said that countries which provide universal, compulsory education have suffered the highest increase in juvenile delinquency.

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The WEEK

● It is too bad there is no emotional seismograph capable of registering the competitive intensity of Liberal reaction to obvious legal abuses. Mention the possible denial of jury trial in the case of Southerners charged with disobeying an injunction in a civil rights case arising out of the school integration issue, and the Liberal will react with a languid: "But jury trial has never been a traditional right in equity cases." The Liberal may be right, historically speaking; but no such appeal to history was made when it was a matter of enjoining labor unions against picketing or inciting men to strike. Then the Liberal's cry was: "Stop this government by injunction." The Liberal is there with bells on when it is a question of guaranteeing to Communists the right to silence under the First Amendment. But when it is a matter of using the closed or the union shop to deprive a man of his right to work under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, the Liberal comes through with a yawn. The Liberal is not concerned with general principles, which are necessary to the life of a great society. He is only interested in the primitive protection of his own.

With this issue, NATIONAL REVIEW goes on vacation, as scheduled, for two weeks. We wish our readers a pleasant interlude. May our absence make your hearts grow fonder!

● Frederick John Kasper, the peripatetic organizer of the Seaboard White Citizens Council who was convicted along with six native Tennesseeans for contempt in the Clinton desegration case, seems to be an example of a species that was once well-known throughout the South. He is, to put it bluntly, a carpetbagger with a different motive. The attorneys for those who stood trial with him were obviously embarrassed by his presence in the court room. He seemed to be a caricature of the sincere Southerner who objects to desegration on the ground that it manifestly doesn't foster the brotherhood which Liberals hope to see come of it. Kasper's background includes a period in which he ran a bookshop in New York City's Greenwich Village which served incongruously as a center for "interracial dancing." In brief, the town of Clinton, Tennessee, has been victimized by a young man with a talent for muddying the waters in which he chooses to fish. Commiserations are in order.

● Governor Harriman says Sydney S. Baron can't do public relations for *both* Tammany Hall and the Dominican Republic. American Tobacco says Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne can't do public relations for *both* it and *Reader's Digest*. The solution seems to us so obvious as hardly to need pointing out: let Baron work for Trujillo and American Tobacco, B.B.D. & O. for *Reader's Digest* and Tammany.

● Arthur Miller, the playwright and spouse of Marilyn Monroe, left the Federal District Court in Washington, D.C., in a laughing mood after being fined $500 and given a suspended one-month jail sentence for contempt of Congress. The playwright's good humor is understandable; after all, the fine can be written off as the cost of research on whatever dramatic material Mr. Miller gets out of his own cut-rate martyrdom. Mr. Miller will, of course, appeal the case. Meanwhile, if the purpose of the fine and suspended jail sentence was not to punish the playwright but to help Congress in its pursuit of relevant information about Communism, we would suggest that Mr. Miller be recalled and asked all over again what individuals he was associated with in Communist meetings in 1947. If he chose to come clean, the fine could be remitted; if not, then the jail sentence could be made operative. The offer of such a choice would, in lawyer-language, hand Mr. Miller the key to his own cell. What could be fairer?

● It now turns out that it is far more dangerous to have your teeth or lungs X-rayed than it is to go about in a country where atomic bombs are being tested. According to a report prepared for the National Academy of Sciences, the average person in the United States probably receives about 4.6 roentgens of radiation to the reproductive organs from medical use of X-rays during the first thirty years of his life. This is in marked contrast to the one-tenth of a roentgen which that person would receive from atomic fallout over a thirty-year period if bomb experiments are to be conducted at the level of the past five years. Since human toleration of radiation is considered to be around ten roentgens for a thirty-year period, the duty of Liberals is now clear. If they have any sincerity at all they will begin mass picketing of hospitals, dentists' offices and medical laboratories everywhere. The campaign will, of course, be touched off by a gigantic petition to put the doctors under restraint, instigated by none other than Dr. Linus Pauling.

● The case of Jesús de Galíndez, whose disappearance has provided rich nourishment for the Liberals

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since March 1956, has suddenly turned sour. Mr. Morris Ernst, one of Liberalism's most noted and notorious prophets, suddenly announced last week that on behalf of the Dominican government—whose chief, Rafael Trujillo, the Liberals have unanimously judged guilty in the Galíndez affair, since not proved innocent—he would direct a comprehensive investigation of what happened to Galíndez. Unfortunately this new development, surrounded by dubious publicity and counter-publicity, gives no promise of answering the many questions, quite apart from the fate of Galíndez himself, that surround this mysterious case: who exactly was Galíndez? how did he raise a million dollars for a floating Basque government-in-exile, and where did those dollars go? what was his relation, if any, to Soviet or American intelligence? how are we to explain the political exploitation of his disappearance in the developing campaign against our firmest allies in the Caribbean?

● Joseph Clark, foreign editor of the *Daily Worker,* is getting worried about Nasser. He uses the past tense in writing that Nasser "represented the national aspirations of the Egyptian and Arab peoples" and "reflected the popular anti-colonial sentiments in Egypt." Egypt, Clark laments, "lacks a mass base of organized democratic and socialist forces," and for that reason "faces the danger of betrayal from above." He concludes by indicating the kind of betrayal he has in mind: "Washington can most easily strike bargains with leaders who lack a popular base. Perfect instruments of this kind have always been the likes of Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, or Francisco Franco." Or, to put it still more plainly: Comrade Clark, tipped off that Nasser may be getting ready to jump off the Soviet train, doesn't want to get caught with his dialectics down.

● There is crisis in Oman; if you aren't worried about it you'd better get worried about it; and we *know,* because we have just had it all explained to us by Mr. Joseph Alsop. The "venomously anti-Western Gamal Abdel Nasser" is trying to cause trouble between the British and King Saud of Saudi Arabia, not so much because he wants trouble between the British and King Saud, but because he wants trouble between King Saud and the U.S.; and if that is not clear to you it is because you haven't listened long enough yet: the trouble between the British and King Saud (concretely, the trouble in Oman) is going to drive the British into "overt imperialist action which will inflame the entire Arab world" and so—and this is where *we* come in—cause a break between King Saud and the United States. American policy in the Middle East, writes Mr. Alsop with every evidence of seriousness, has begun to "quake and tremble like a boy camper's pup tent in a high wind," and the moral appears to be that it is an easy thing to buy a king but another thing to try and keep him bought. We, of course, never wanted to buy him to begin with, and now we know whom to be against in the Oman crisis: 1) Nasser, 2) the British, 3) King Saud, and 4) Saud's purchaser, the State Department.

● Nikita Khrushchev has apparently failed to study our State Department estimates that prove Yugoslavia to be pursuing an independent course free of any special link to Moscow or Moscow's brand of Communism. Last week he summoned Yugoslav Vice Presidents Edvard Kardelj and Aleksander Rankovic to Moscow for "frank and friendly" talks, after which he had them sit down for "a comradely meeting" which Enver Hoxha and Todor Zhivkov, chiefs of the supposedly bitter anti-Titoist governments of Albania and Bulgaria.

● SUGGESTED PROBLEM FOR NEXT EXAMINATION AT COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM: Punctuate the following passage: "The question was whether meetings between the two defense ministers might bring about something I said and of course it well might because what you are constantly testing is statements and then the extent to which those statements are trustworthy carried out and supported by deeds and actions that are provable now as I say at one time I repeat Marshal Zhukov and I operated together very closely I couldn't see any harm coming from a meeting between the two defense ministers if that could be arranged." (*Courtesy of a former President of Columbia University.*)

● In most delicate fashion, the editor of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* got a problem out of the way. While Mr. Hankinson was at work on the most recent edition, he received a most unsettling request by a most impeccable nobleman. Would *Debrett's,* milord asked, kindly see to it that his estranged wife be "tucked away in very small type down at the bottom" of the page? Mr. Hankinson thought about it, and finally answered that *Debrett's* was not "disposed" to reflect the character of the marital relationship by the size or character of the type. There goes another prerogative.

● A reader calls to our attention a public pledge by Representative Carroll D. Kearns (R-Pa) made a few weeks ago in Tokyo. "I am," he promised, "going to devote the rest of my life in public office to get the United States to shift emphasis in its policy from spreading armaments to spreading culture. We can do more with our culture than with any A or H-bombs. We can completely outclass Russia with culture." That, the reader suggests, may be the first gun in the outclass war.

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The Breathless General and the Honest Marshal

Mr. Eisenhower's account at his press conference last week of his great dialogue with Marshal Zhukov leaves one limp with gratitude that ours is not an age in which disputes between nations are adjudicated by a contest, gladiatorial or forensic, between heads of state. For in such a contest, the champion of the West—the people have spoken—would be Dwight Eisenhower. And Dwight Eisenhower does not know what he is defending. That is why his sword does not cut, nor his words ring out clear.

One can admire the ingenuousness of our President. As late as last week he willingly recalled that as late as 1945, and evidently with much more patience than he exhibits with those who, say, want to discuss with him the Bricker Amendment or the Status of Forces Treaty, he listened to a Communist general propound the virtues of the Soviet Union; and found himself "very hard put to it" to confute him. General Zhukov told General Eisenhower that the Communist system is an idealistic system, unlike capitalism. Faced with that claim, General Eisenhower, victor over the armies of fascism, conceded defeat. "I had a very tough time," he said to the press, "trying to defend our position."

Mr. Eisenhower, alas, does not mean to say that *he* uniquely—owing to unique personal or intellectual shortcomings, or because he was faced with an adversary of unique powers, or because the circumstances uniquely militated against his success—is incapable of defending the West, in terms of idealism. Mr. Eisenhower doesn't hold *himself* responsible for the lost debate with Mr. Zhukov; he holds the West responsible. He does not mean that *he* had difficulty defending the West: he means the West is difficult to defend—as witness the fact that, with so able a spokesman as himself there to put forward its claims, it failed, up against the superior claims of Communism.

Mr. Reston of the *New York Times* came to the rescue. Surely, Mr. President, he said, you do not mean to leave us with the impression that liberal democracy is harder to defend than Communism? To which the President, in a classic flight of intellectual disorder, replied—but to interpret his answer is presumptuous. It defies authoritative paraphrase. It ends with the statement that his encounter with General Zhukov left him "breathless." There is no objective relief there for Mr. Reston, or for others.

By common consent, it appears, the nation's newspapers and commentators have refrained from reflecting upon the syntactical jungle into which Mr. Eisenhower eases virtually every subject he touches,

Lest We Forget

EDWARD P. MORGAN, American Broadcasting Company: *Mr. President, . . . would you consider sometime in the future inviting [Marshal Zhukov] to the United States?*

THE PRESIDENT: . . . during the years that I knew [Marshal Zhukov] I had a most satisfactory acquaintanceship and friendship with him. I think he was a confirmed Communist. . . . We tried each to explain to the other just what our systems meant, to the individual, and I was very hard put to it when he insisted that their system appealed to the idealistic, and we completely to the materialistic, and I had a very tough time trying to defend our position, because he said:

"You tell a person he can do as he pleases, he can act as he pleases, he can do anything. Everything that is selfish in man you appeal to him, and we tell him that he must sacrifice for the state." He said, "We have a very hard program to sell." So what I am getting at is, I believe he was very honestly convinced of the soundness of their doctrine and was an honest man. . . .

JAMES RESTON, *New York Times: Do you want to leave the inference that it is difficult to defend the proposition that democracy is a more idealistic system than Communism?*

THE PRESIDENT: Well, I said this: I said when you are talking with the Communists you find it is a little difficult, for the simple reason that you say a man can earn what he pleases, save what he pleases, buy what he pleases with that. Now, I believe this, because I believe in the power for good of the, you might say, the integrated forces developed by 170,000,000 free people. But he said that "We say to the man 'You can't have those things. You have to give them to the state,'" and this is idealistic because they ask these people to believe that their greatest satisfaction in life is in sacrificing for the state, giving to the state. In other words, he takes the attitude that they don't force this contribution, they are teaching a people to support that contribution. So, when you run up against that kind of thing . . . I think you could run into people you could have a hard time convincing that the sun is hot and the earth is round. I don't say that I don't believe it. I am merely saying that against that kind of a belief you run against arguments that almost leave you breathless, you don't know how to meet them.

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finally choking out every ray of light, or breath of air. Mr. Eisenhower took the initiative, early in his first term, in permitting the press to quote him directly. In doing so he evidenced either an indiscreet courage or, more likely, an ignorance of or indifference to the quality of his thinking. It would not have been vain in Mr. Eisenhower to maintain the tradition of his predecessors and require that his words be paraphrased by the press. Every man is privileged to clothe his nakedness: but the President has chosen to display, nay to beat the nation over the head with, his illiteracy.

But it is not his illiteracy as such that is the cause for national alarm. The nation has had unlettered and inarticulate Presidents before, and has survived them. The distinctive danger in the case of Mr. Eisenhower lies in the fact that his inarticulateness is demonstrably traceable to an organic ignorance of the nature of the society whose well-being it is his historical destiny to watch over at the moment of our greatest peril. That ignorance, that lack of vision, render him, and through him us, impotent at the hands of the Zhukovs. Communism is *not* idealistic, and, for the most part, does *not* appeal to idealistic people; our position is *not* materialist, and is *not* "hard to defend," and does *not* appeal to the "selfish in man"; and Marshal Zhukov, whose "idealism" and "honesty" most recently led him to torture and kill a great many aggressively non-idealistic citizens of Hungary, *cannot* be seduced by copybook homilies. He has other things on his mind, *i.e.,* conquering the world.

The distinctive challenge of our time, against which Mr. Eisenhower's forty billion dollar defense budget is powerless, is to resist the philosophical infiltration of the West by Communism. That infiltration is the end toward which the great engines of history are busily working, a grand synthesis, whose name is Coexistence, and whose meaning for the West is death. The only defense of the West against it is the tenderest solicitude for Western values, a fastidious cultivation of the Western position, so badly ravaged by the imprecisions and vaporizings and vacuities of Mr. Eisenhower.

The vital needs of the West supersede the humane impulse to shelter the feelings of the President. However painful or crude the act may appear, it becomes necessary to tell our Emperor, when he speaks as he spoke last week, that he has on no clothes at all.

First of a Series

The point at issue in the newly-introduced Keating bill is one on which no man in his senses can possibly hesitate: The Supreme Court, in construing a sentence in the Smith Act, has held that the word "organize" means "*organize de novo,*" and that, therefore, it is unlawful to start a group that teaches violent overthrow of the government but lawful to help run and develop one *after* it has started. Representative Keating believes that a broader definition—more in accord with the normal usage undoubtedly intended by Congress—can be imposed upon the Court by statute; and has drawn up, with exemplary promptness, a bill in that sense.

The Keating bill is only the first of a whole series of bills that are needed to correct the injury done to the Internal Security program by recent Supreme Court decisions. We support it—and the subsequent bills as they are introduced—unreservedly.

Utopia and Civil Rights

It is possible to analyze the Civil Rights issue, now pending in the Senate, solely from the point of view of the power relations of domestic politics. It is no secret that in sponsoring a "strong" bill the tactical aim of the Republican leadership has been to recapture the Negro vote, lost to the Democrats in New Deal days and now so critical a factor in the big cities of the North. The Republicans have, in fact, won the initiative in this tactical campaign. In spite of the numerical balance, it is Senator Knowland, not Senator Johnson, who functions in the manner of Senate majority leader. The Democrats, their schizophrenia exposed to public view, are thrust back on the defensive.

There is reason for some skepticism about the Republicans' ability to hold any lasting gains from this foray. The maneuver is too slick to be convincing. Moreover, the evidence of the past suggests that "civil rights" (i.e., racial) favors pay off lightly in actual votes, far less, for example, than economic favors.

The tactical moves are not only by the two parties but by the aspiring chiefs within them. It needs no cynicism to recognize that as candidate for Presidential nomination Senator Knowland evidently concludes that his conservative flank is firm and that he must now recruit, if he can, a Liberal wing.

Or we might note, behind the Congressional floor of combat, the ruthless staff work of the Attorney General, the Dewey-trained Herbert Brownell, who planned the original bill and strategy, with an eye that also shows a dawning trace of a Presidential gleam. Did Mr. Brownell really think that he could smuggle his carefully ambiguous paragraphs through the Senate as he had through the White House and the lower chamber? Did he feel that the Senate too would be persuaded that the bill was merely a mild measure implementing the Negro's right to vote? Mr. Eisenhower's continued astonishment at his press

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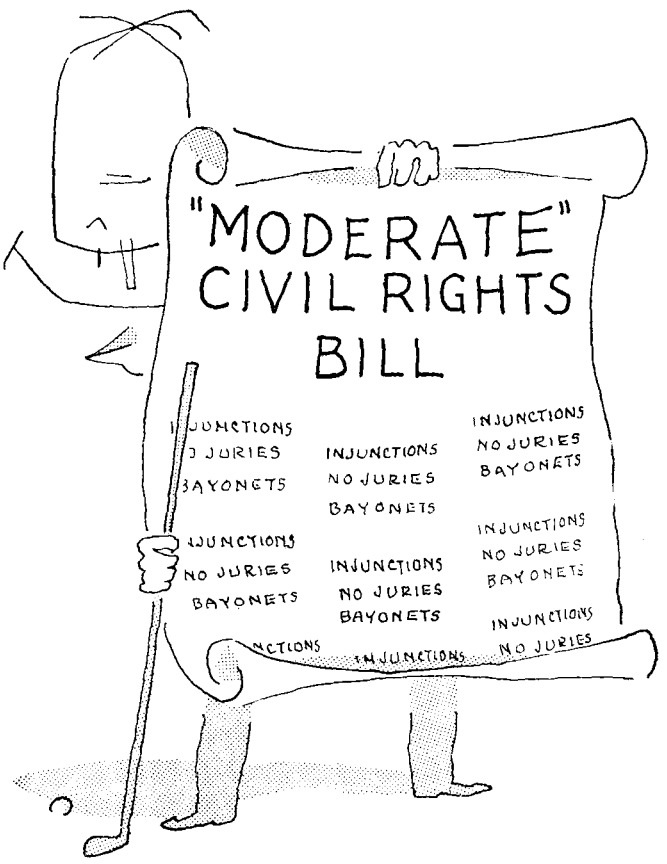
conferences at the uncovering of the bill's scope and explosive potentiality was too naive to have been anything but real.

From another perspective, the juridical and constitutional problems evoked by the bill are paramount. Here a distinction should be made. In so far as the bill was what it publicly purported to be—a routine measure to guarantee the right to vote against discrimination on racial grounds—it raised no new constitutional issue. Although the states qualify voters, Art. I, Sec. 4 of the Constitution grants to Congress the power to make or alter, by law, the regulations concerning elections for senators and representatives. The Fifteenth Amendment prohibits the denial or abridgement of the right to vote "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." Though honest men may differ as to the wisdom and expediency of these grants, it is not altogether unreasonable that the federal government should have some control over the mode of election to federal offices. And it is true, of course, that throughout much of the South the right of Negroes to vote is to one or another degree, on one or another pretext, abridged.

But in Mr. Brownell's original text the right to vote was only one, and in substance a minor, element.



Kreuttner

"You can say that I'm one hundred per cent behind it. By the way, what's in it?"

The bill proposed, by implied consequence, to enforce all of the alleged rights of racial integration—in education, recreation, residence, transportation, and all other phases of social life. And it proposed to do so by an extraordinary extension of the federal judicial, police and military power into the states and local communities. Federal attorneys would be empowered—on their own initiative—to proceed against any person or group alleged to be violating any rights; federal judges would be empowered to issue injunctions on the attorneys' motions; these injunctions would be enforceable by the full weight of the federal power; and nowhere in the process would any point be submitted to a jury.

This proposed extension of unchecked federal power of injunction is without precedent in our history or in that of any Anglo-Saxon nation since the decline of the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. Here also Mr. Brownell used a subterfuge. Contrary to normal legal usage his bill defined these injunctions as "civil." "Civil injunctions" are usually understood to be immediate exercises of the judicial power, to which jury trials (or even legislative sanction) are not relevant. But these Civil Rights injunctions would be of a kind always heretofore known as "criminal"—partaking of the nature of a criminal action: much more clearly indeed than injunctions in labor picketing cases, the facts in which, even before the Norris-La Guardia Act, the Supreme Court (in *Michaelson v. U.S.*, for example) declared subject to jury determination.

But it is easy to become lost in the legal subtleties, as in the factional maneuvers. We do well to recognize also in this Civil Rights dispute, and most profoundly, the clash of two differing philosophies of government and the governmental process.

The original Civil Rights bill was the spiritual child of an "ideological," Utopian and Platonic conception of the nature of government and of man, the conception that became ascendant in the French Revolution and in the successor revolutions of our era. The Form of the Ideal Society—as revealed by the Goddess Reason or Marx or Dewey or Gunnar Myrdal—is so-and-so. Therefore society must be remade, and on the instant, in the image of the Form. Whosoever opposes is of the Enemy's party, and woe unto him! The end justifies the means that are used to liquidate his opposition, and himself if need be.

The contrary conception—organic, historical, traditional it can be called—proceeds from a conviction of the limitations of man and his works, a humility about his ability to achieve or even define perfection, a belief that the perfect society is not of this world. (Shall we, noting that the problems that arise from the inhabitation of a single area by different races have never been solved by any nation since history began, expect to solve them tomorrow by a handful

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of words, however ingeniously put together?) Therefore we must check the wild leaps of abstract reason by the traditional wisdom of mankind embodied in institutions, custom, the common sense of ordinary men. If we believe that these institutions and customs should—and can—be changed for the better, then let the change not come by arbitrary and catastrophic decree from without but principally by a slower, more organic growth from within.

For the South—and not only for the South—Mr. Brownell's gun-backed injunctions were the threatened catastrophic decrees. The juries that he wants to bypass, for all their prejudice and passion and blindness, are a communal bridge between the cold abstractions of the law and the traditional sentiment of the communities.

Our Senate, rising in this present debate toward the level of its proud boasts of its deliberative role, is giving expression to the history and traditions of our society. Refusing the evasion of a filibuster, the Senate has faced the tormented issues of racial integration, and is seeking not the mechanical majority of Liberal dogma but the human consensus—Calhoun's "concurrent majority"—that our Congress was designed to facilitate. It is impossible to expect that it will find a solution, for there is none; but we can hope that it will forestall the national disaster that might have followed the unmixed triumph of the ideologues.

Divine Comedy

NATIONAL REVIEW has been delinquent in reporting on the rumor that Father Divine had passed or, rather, resurrected away. That rumor, we now report, turns out to have been the work of the Devil; for there is now an eye witness to the fact that Father Divine is still with us and, apparently, well. The Managing Editor of the New York *Amsterdam News,* a Negro weekly, telephoned Father Divine and spoke personally with him, and then went to see him. As befits divinity, every word Father Divine utters is faithfully transcribed, so that we are in a position to render a verbatim account of his telephone conversation with Mr. Hicks of the *Amsterdam News.*

The following is abstracted from Father Divine's newspaper, *The New Day*:

> After calling several times and speaking with one of FATHER DIVINE'S [as divinity, FATHER DIVINE is of course capitalized] secretaries, stating in brief that they had read the rumor concerning FATHER DIVINE but that they did not believe it was true and further stating that they were prepared to go to press with headlines telling the Truth if they could just have some concrete evidence to back them up—Mr. Hicks, upon calling this last time was told by the Secretary to hold the wire, that it might be possible that FATHER would speak a word with him over the telephone. Mr. Hicks said that this would be wonderful; after which FATHER did grant him this privilege and the following conversation ensued:
>
> FATHER: Peace, Mr. Hicks.
>
> Mr. Hicks: Peace, FATHER. It certainly is nice to hear YOUR voice.
>
> FATHER: Yes, I'm glad to hear yours.
>
> Mr. Hicks: I was expecting to hear it . . .
>
> Secretary: (On another telephone) FATHER, are YOU there?
>
> FATHER: Yes, I'M here.
>
> Secretary: Okay, Mr. Hicks, speak on.
>
> Mr. Hicks: I wonder, FATHER, would it be possible if I could just come to Philadelphia and say Peace to YOU?
>
> FATHER: Come to Philadelphia?
>
> Mr. Hicks: Yes, I'm in New York calling from the *Amsterdam News* . . .
>
> FATHER: Yes, okay.
>
> Secretary: Well, don't make it too early, Mr. Hicks. We keep rather late hours around here.
>
> Mr. Hicks: Thank YOU, FATHER.
>
> FATHER: Okay.

The next morning, but not too early, Mr. Hicks was in Philadelphia. He describes the scene at Father Divine's headquarters.

> . . . When I entered the room Father Divine was seated at the head of a long conference table enjoying a meal with ten of his personal secretaries and Mother Divine . . . Miss Darling introduced me as "Mr. Hicks, managing editor of the AmsterBLESS News." (She had previously pointed out to me that no Divine follower uses the word 'dam' in any form and all during the afternoon the *Amsterdam News* was referred to by everyone as the AmsterBLESS News) . . . . . .
>
> "It's nice of you to come," Father Divine said to me.
>
> I commented that he was "certainly looking well" and he told me he "felt fine."
>
> Miss Darling then commented that I was doing an article for my paper on Father Divine and Father said "That's wonderful." . . . Miss Darling had not bound me in any way other than to say that this was not an interview, but my own honesty and the fairness of treatment I had received simply prevented me from trying to make it one . . .
>
> Looking back now I feel I was somewhat awed over the fact that I and no other reporter, had been permitted to see Father Divine.

Our Contributors: GARRY WILLS ("*Time*style") is a graduate of St. Louis University, and at present is doing postgraduate work at Xavier University. . . . FRANCIS RUSSELL ("Roy Campbell") has contributed to *Time and Tide,* the *Observer, American Heritage, Modern Age,* and other magazines. He is the author of *Four Studies in 20th Century Absurdity,* published two years ago in England.

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Timestyle

As Forest Lawn and "The Bijou" cheapen love and religion, so *Time's* use of language drains it of meaning: moreover, our time is *Time's* time.

GARRY WILLS

There is scarcely a more just reflection of our age than in the bright surface of *Time* magazine. As Mr. Luce's own writers would phrase it for him: "My *Time* is your time." To have one's face emerge from the crowd reflected in that mirror—to be on *Time's* cover—is the reward of success in modern America. And behind that cover, every aspect of our life is accurately mirrored back upon itself. That is why the nation pays every week to look into her mirror on the wall, always finding, of course, that she is fairest of them all.

It is not a lying mirror that causes this smugness. It is the natural vanity of anyone standing before a mirror which makes us misread the reflection. After all, the magazine does shine with our virtues. Its matter is collected, its reporting sped, its format stamped out by all the marvels of modern achievement. Our interest in every area of the world, every "cultural event," is matched by the ability of great iron genii to satisfy that interest.

But machines do not merely clothe and assemble the magazine, they dictate its pulse and fashion its soul. The sure indication of this is its style; for if style reflects the man, it also reflects what is substituted for man. *Time's* style is the center of all discussion about the magazine. And it is more: one of our culture's most significant products. For it is a product. An assembly line collects material, circles "quotable quotes," sets up the story, and then stamps this product with the manufacturer's label of epigram and aphorism, pun and irony—the approved, recognizable mark, no longer of a man but of a system.

No matter who is writing, the regular tricks will recur—the shotgun wedding of words ("cinemogul"), the phonetic guide to name-and-character ("Goheen, rhymes with so keen"). The style maintains an officially cheerful pace, a sprinter's rhythm. The "human interest" stories, especially of tragic accidents, predictably begin like a Victorian novel: "It was a misty night which stirred misgivings in the men who began their journey into doom."

Once the writer, with other artists, was considered a guardian against the encroaching standardization of a mass society. An automaton can fill a position in the assembly line or in a bureaucracy; but the delicate fibers of a style, like the veins of a tree, the nerves of man, are alive. Rhythm, choice of words, coupling of phrase and clause, reflect the judgment, the sincerity, or the bias of the ordinating mind.

For Satire, Wit

Yet today we have men of great talent renouncing the writer's mark of individuality, men who strive to attain a dazzling anonymity. We have a thing which even Pope could imagine only in an epic realm of *duncedom*—a phrase-factory. The twentieth-century mind takes Pope's farce seriously, and reasons: if *one* head can invent *one* brilliant quip per column, a lineup of *six* heads can produce *six* quips with the regularity of the weekly pressing.

Many of *Time's* allusions or epigrams have all the point and polish of Swift's, Pope's, or Voltaire's. But every blow of these satirists came from one man's consistent love or hatred. They could strike with their full weight because their feet were firmly planted, even when they stood on narrow or unhallowed ground. Their brilliance was a *man's*.

I am not one who deplores the passing of craftsmanship in the manufacture of material products—the substitution, for wood fashioned by a man's hand, of plastic stamped by a die. I have no complaint against dead machines. But I confess to a dislike for dead men. And it is a sign of mental death that, instead of humanizing machines with the outflow of mental energy, we let the machine impinge on the realm of intellect. Furniture need not bear the mark of a man's hand; but literature must bear the mark of an individual's mind. Nothing can replace the sentence "hand-wrought" with the old instruments—chiseled with hatred for tool, polished with love.

For mass production stops not only at style. Style is rooted in thought; each determines and indicates the other. Anonymity of style must lead to indifference of judgment—and it has. Where there is no sincerity of a single man's expression, there can be no singleness of purpose. Six heads can produce more epigrams than one, but six heads—on a sentence as well as a man—are monstrous and self-crippling. In order to live together and cooperate, they must refuse to think or feel with any depth. Like men who disagree too fundamentally even to argue, they can only insult, with progressively shallower substitution of wit for real satire. They can only bare their teeth; that is all they have in their head to expose.

Thus it is no mere quirk of policy that *Time* contains no open and confessed editorials, and must insert its views and prejudices under cover of reporting. An enemy of *Time* will often find himself under fire, not for his ideas, but for his table manners. The magazine's writers know they can best kill opinions, in this age of rapid and undisciplined judgments, not by arguing with falsehood but by laughing at gaucheries. The artillery of rumor and gossip are skillfully trained on their foes: Stevenson's supposed ability to dodge a check is highlighted, McCarthy's religious practice sneered at. Unable to stand

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on a professed philosophy or defend any profound commitment, the publication manipulates men through the prejudices of fashion and snob appeal, those great rudders of the multitude. It reads men's motives—good for friends, bad for enemies—with that Olympian supremacy and aloofness which prompted Commager to speak of the period "before *Time* became omniscient."

Preaching and Prurience

By these techniques, the magazine fulfills the purpose of any manufactured product—to sell. The fashionable prejudices are kept in a state of constant titillation; the unpopular narrowness of doctrine and purpose is avoided. A manufacturer cannot exclude. But definition excludes by limiting. A position has boundaries. Therefore real definition, and real debate, are equally impossible. *Time* can expertly market what is salable —the grin of Eisenhower, the leer at Hollywood, the exposure of brow at the arts, the standard musical judgments hastily looked up in Groves, the headlines Callas plays for. In the "Art" section, machinery is not only man's equal; the skill with which masterpieces are stamped on the slick paper far excels that shown by the jaunty clothing of critical bromides in *Time*style.

"Fine writing" will be interlaced with slang and obscenity. Pitiful disdain for the fools of our time will be mixed with an overpowering curiosity about their sexual follies. Preaching and prurience will follow each other as page follows page. Caustic wit will barely disguise the sentimentality lavished on any subject being wept over by the public. (This latter mixture—of syrup and carbonation—stands for American products; in plays, books, and magazines, sex and sarcasm are injected to stiffen the sentimental "base" just as mechanically as the fizz is put in "cokes.")

The English tabloids are mocked for their acute "sexativity;" then a long list of the choicest remarks is clustered around a sampling of the worst photos for—what? the reader's indignation? The reader, like Byron's Don Juan reading Ovid, finds all the "objectionable" parts collected for his convenience at the back of the book. *Time* chronicled over several issues the stages of descent in the English royalty's neckline, and kept for a while the weekly diary of Marilyn Monroe. The covers on Monroe, Lollobrigida ("Rhymes with low-low-bridge—eeda"), and Rex Harrison were patterns of a-morality. Professing a grand avoidance of pandering on one hand, and righteousness on the other, the articles revolved around one subject, having fun with men's foibles without making any *mental* judgment (which would not have to be a moral judgment).

I do not deny, of course, that *Time* has said many good and some profound things. Its cover on "3D" reached the level of genuine satire; it showed pigmy men in the dark, wearing their magic glasses—the modern key to dream-harems; reaching their tiny arms to a vicarious mistress—the painted star "blown up" into a giantess and mechanically projected over the crowd. There have been fine reviews, like that of *The Prisoner*. The habit of humanity is a hard one to break, even in the workings of a vast "talking machine."

The Freak as Norm

Time is never boring; it covers more aspects of the news than any other magazine; its art prints are magnificent; its reviews a clever game of wit. My complaint is not that this is bad journalism, but that it is accepted as our best. It has been seriously moved that a collection be made from it to teach college students English style; that concentric rings of imitators be formed around this center of mutual imitators.

It is true that education is trying to copy the mass-production techniques of Ford; this kind of "textbook" may even be added to such experiments. But even if such authorized copying does not become an official part of the curriculum, young men will continue to imitate *Time's* techniques on their own.

All our journalism is consciously or unconsciously approaching this journalism as a norm, becoming as hard to engage in debate or thought, reasoned opinion or the defense of stated values. Because of this fashion in journalism-and-salesmanship, gossip and prejudice replace editorial depth and sincerity. It becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish the political analyst from the Hollywood director or press agent. Edward R. Murrow "presents" the news as Cecil B. deMille "presents" the Bible. Even the true journal of opinion must disguise itself as one of the flippant, know-it-all family; the *Reporter* must pretend it is the *New Yorker*.

If writing talent were given scope elsewhere, and *Time* could continue as an odd exception, no one with a sense of humor would want it to disappear. As a unique event in history, a kind of freak, a phrase-factory as intriguing as Pope's, it would be priceless.

> Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
> Escape in monsters and amaze the town.

But there is a tragic note in our acceptance of *Time* as normal and not a freak. It is a test of our credulity that we take without question the promise of a magazine to mass-produce style, just as we learn to believe in mass-produced personality, in correspondence-course peace of soul, in the unbeatable method to win friends and influence people. We need only pay the cost and any product comes to us—international good will, popularity, education, a brilliant style.

In history it will probably be considered symbolic of our age that it even tried collectivism in literature—a bureaucracy legislating a common style. Men used to wonder at the humility of the anonymous artists of the Gothic cathedral, and speak of our name-conscious age. But the names we are most conscious of, like Ford's, are raised to heaven by a self-effacement more mysterious than that of the medieval artisans. And when the anonymous assembly line is brought into "literature," the mystery — and the threat — grows darker; you cannot collectivize language without collectivizing (and therefore paralyzing) thought.

That is why *Time* is creating a "Newspeak"—not, as Orwell expected, by an austere and sterile pruning of language, but by an impersonal prodigality in its use, a kind of literary "inflation." The cheap coin can be flipped for show, rung and jangled for noise; but it has lost its inner value and ability to purchase.

(*Continued on p.* 143)

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The PRINTED Word

For Who *the* Times *Thinks*

Just as the present United States Supreme Court is a political court (see Brent Bozell's column last week), the book review section of the *New York Times* is a political book review section—and in two senses: 1) It plugs the books it finds congenial and kills off, and don't think it can't, books that are inconvenient to the *Times*' anti-anti-Communist, pro-Liberal-Welfare-State, pro-Zionist, pro-egalitarianism position; 2) it carries a high percentage of reviews—not, of course, so high a percentage as to undermine its reputation with unwary readers for authoritative and detached criticism—calculated to make the customers think what the *Times* wants them to think.

Last week's book review section, dealing (by necessity) with, for the most part, the items that publishers get rid of in Summer-time, did the following:

—Put anti-colonialism one up with a laudatory review of P. H. Newby's book on King Farouk (*Revolution and Roses*): "As the Empire shrinks [too late to do anything about that], British writers atone for Britain's soldiers [as, of course, well they may], and the result is a thoughtful literature of world brotherhood that is the reverse of Kipling's odes to conquest." Newby's book, according to reviewer Gerald Sykes, tells *inter alia* of a "brainless English newspaper woman" and the "love object of her choice, a handsome Egyptian lieutenant." "His name is Yehia [and he] clinches his conquest of the fair Nordic . . . by spitting in her face [so now we know what brotherhood calls for in the Near East]."

—Let its readers see Miss Virgilia Peterson with her syntax down: "'Children don't exist,' Natalie explained to the Hungarian hussar whom she hoped would fall in love with her," and nothing to cover her shame except the following classic redundancy: "[In Natalie] Miss Orme has outstripped herself to accomplish a *tour de force*."

—Got down to business with Milton Bracker's review of *Communism in Latin America* by the nation's leading apologist for the present Leftist dictatorship in Bolivia (Robert J. Alexander of Rutgers): "If the book is massive, it is no less sound. . . . At least ten times [the author] makes a point that merits constant reiteration: the best deterrent to communism in a Latin land has been an indigenous social revolutionary movement or," that is, a "'vigorous party of the democratic Left.'"

—Defied precedent by giving a favorable review to a recognizably anti-Communist book, *The Hungarian Revolution*, by Melvin J. Lasky: "[It] summarizes the tragic story of how Communist despotism was reimposed on Hungary once the Soviet troops had finished their bloody work. . . . [It] cannot be too highly recommended."

—Kept right on fighting its favorite world war (the Second not the Third) by devoting its lead review to Peter Fleming's *Operation Sea Lion*, which tells the story of Hitler's failure to bring off the invasion of Britain in the summer of 1940: "Above all, [Mr. Fleming] has communicated something of the intensity of purpose and resolve that animated [the whole British people], and enabled them to defeat—actively and passively—one of the greatest dangers that had ever beset them"; conspicuously failed to notice either a) that Mr. Fleming once wrote a novel, *The Sixth Column*, satirizing the kind of bureaucratic state the *Times* propagandizes for, or b) that Britons are behaving less well about a greater danger that besets them today.

—Ministered to the nation's appetite for bad writing by publishing an article by Senator Neuberger entitled "For Our Senators, Reading Time is Stolen from Hours of Sleep." "Although I am far more limited in the length of my Senatorial services than is Mrs. Smith"—what he means is that Mrs. Smith went to the Senate before he did—"I can corroborate fully what she says"—what he means is that he agrees with her—"I am unquestionably less thoroughly informed about the complex world beyond the Capitol's fluted walls"—Ah, poesie!—"than prior to my election." Other Senators, it seems, don't read much either, and say so in prose even worse than Neuberger's. "When I compare the reading time I have time to do as Senator," says Senator Morse, "with the reading I once did as a teacher of law, I feel that I am almost becoming book-illiterate." "I do not get a chance to read any books," says the great statesman Senator Wiley, "Once in a while I have an opportunity to scan through one." Concludes Neuberger, who of course fails to notice that whatever the Senators don't read they especially don't read anything about Communism: "To Senators who would read to any considerable degree, an ascetic routine is practically a prerequisite," where what he means is that a Senator who wants to do much reading must set aside some time for it.

—Relayed the Rossiter-Viereck line on conservatism: "Ignatius Donnelly was abused as an enemy of society because he [advocated] an elastic currency, a subtreasury system, a graduated income tax, a shorter working week, election of Senators by popular vote and Government ownership of railroads and communications. Now all except the last have the approval of even the most orthodox conservatives."

—Covered itself by letting J. Donald Adams make some conservative noises: "Wherever one looks one sees fiercer struggles than the Crusades, worse tyrannies than the Inquisition. . . . Because of the way newspapers [e.g., the *Times*?] are owned and operated, not only can minority opinions—and even majority opinions, when they are not backed by some influential groups—go almost unheard, but events of the utmost importance can pass unnoticed or can reach the public only in some shrunken and distorted form. At any given moment there is a sort of all-prevading orthodoxy, a general tacit agreement not to discuss some large and uncomfortable fact."

This columnist wishes he had said that in an article about the *Times*.

W. K.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

United States of Europe

The integration of Europe, considered hopeless by many Europeans and most Americans, is slowly becoming a reality. After a heated debate the French Chamber has voted for the proposals which will bring about the economic fusion of the six powers belonging to the Steel-Coal Pact; and thus, the European Confederation is about to be born. Neither the furious comments of the Communist press nor the spiteful criticism of a sector of the British tabloid papers will prevent this evolution.

A few years ago most Europeans, though in theory favoring integration, had no hopes that this "beautiful dream" could come true in their life-time. Now they are watching with fascination how it grows. This, of course, did not come as a complete surprise. There have been many straws in the wind, such as the abolition of passports between a number of European countries, the easing of currency restrictions, the colossal increase in inter-European travel (which is no longer a privilege of the middle and upper classes), the phenomenal growth of inter-European cultural, political and financial activities. Not only Socialists and Communists, but clerics, conservatives, burgomasters, members of parliaments and savings bank directors are meeting regularly in an ever changing variety of cities. Traveling has become such a mania, borders have become so unimportant, that customs officials only occasionally put a finger into a suitcase.

Needless to say, there are still mountains of complications to be overcome. With the collapse of customs barriers the economic unification is still far from being completed; other measures will have to supplement the integration, such as a standardization of all social security laws, a complete freedom of currency exchange, an end of all migratory restrictions. This, in practical terms, means that a Sicilian laborer might buy a ticket to Gelsenkirchen (in the Ruhr area), work there in a mine, buy himself a (tariff-free) Marsala in a delicatessen store and send the balance of his wages to his aged parents in Sicily. Yet this implies a real revolution for Europe. The assimilation of millions of workers and farm laborers with different religions, different customs and different preferences cannot possibly be smooth. Even today the modest number of Italian laborers and miners in Germany, Luxembourg, and Belgium presents many problems. They consider northern food atrocious, the northern climate unspeakable, northern people standoffish and lacking in *joie de vivre*. In order to humor them along, entire Italian settlements are being built in the Ruhr area, complete with Kindergartens, churches, Italian priests, taverns, movie houses (with Italian films) and clubs.

Europe has no real tradition of assimilation. I know of a Swiss family, wealthy beer-brewers, who lived in Hungary for three generations; everybody knew they were Swiss and the idea that they could become Hungarian subjects would have been considered preposterous. To be a foreigner always carries a certain distinction on the Continent (but not in Britain). Curiously enough this tolerant and liberal cosmopolitanism is the reverse of a violent and hysteric Continental nationalism.

Fifteen years from now, Europe may be dotted with innumerable ethnic enclaves. The photographic industry in all countries but Germany will collapse and the best specialists in this field will seek employment in Germany. And if and when Switzerland joins the European confederacy, the watch industries in most other member countries will fold up. It is this sort of operation which Europeans recognize as necessary, but which they dread because it implies immediate suffering. At the same time, they also realize that there is well-being if not wealth awaiting them in the end if they remain steadfast in their determination to see it through.

Europe has a great deal of brain power which could then be quickly put to work on the right spot; it also has a great deal of brawn and also highly skilled labor. The *Volkswagen*, the German cameras, the Swiss watches, the French perfumes bought in America are only a minor foretaste of what Europe could produce if given half a chance. This half chance is the economic unification of the "Six," comprising a population of 166 million (the same as the United States). There are, however, already other candidates around for the German market, especially Denmark which is giving up the idea of a "Nordic Union." Spain and Portugal feel that they could face major financial difficulties as members of a larger unit. There is a great deal of heart-searching going on in Switzerland and Austria, one with an age-old, the other with a brand-new neutrality which might be endangered by their joining the "Six."

As a transitory arrangement, the Free Trading Zone, composed of immediate neighbors of the original "Six," is being envisaged. The adherence of Austria to such an arrangement is considered a virtual certainty, that of Britain a mere possibility. In the meanwhile, the about-to-be-born European Confederation is faced with two major problems: the question of a common *political* tie and the question of the African colonies, *Eurafrica*. (In this connection it is interesting to note how in Germany pro-Israeli feelings get the upper hand over pro-Arab sentiments: The Israeli victories were hailed in Germany as the achievements of "our Jews," *unsere Juden*.

Europeans have to admit that the United States has done everything to foster European integration. Yet again and again Europeans will say that the Americans cannot *really* favor such a development: it simply is opposed to their economic self-interest. This reflection contains two errors: first of all, the typical European underrating of American idealism; secondly, a lack of imagination. A truly wealthy Europe would become a bigger and better customer for American goods.

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Roy Campbell

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I last saw Roy Campbell at the Catherine Wheel in Kensington three years ago. After closing time he took me on to Wyndham Lewis's. Lewis I had never met before. He was sitting in an old-style Morris chair, sallow and sightless. His skull seemed gradually to be working through its parchment integument, underscored by the contrived porcelain of his smile. The mark of death was on him. When later I read at the close of *The Demon of Progress in the Arts* his remark—so full of personal longing—about our "wonderful shining eyes," I remembered his skull-haunted look.

By contrast Roy Campbell, that hulking giant with his amiable domed head and his face that even at night always seemed sunlit, was life itself, vital and durable as the earth. The last of the scalds, Mr. Russell Kirk has called him. He looked an elemental, indestructibly proven in two wars and in the peace interlude through which he lived as violently as in war. As we walked down Kensington High Street after leaving Wyndham Lewis, he was telling me of a recent meeting of the Ethical Culture Society presided over by Stephen Spender. Roy, under the absurd pseudonym of Marmaduke Sherbert, had worked his way ticketless into the hall and then had stood up to protest the proceedings "in the name of the sergeant's mess of the King's African Rifles."

Although I am six feet, I used to feel like a spaniel on a leash out walking with this *vaquero* poet of twice my bulk who towered over me and somehow absorbed the pavement from curb to wall. He always wore the wide flat-rimmed hat of his days on the Camargue with its braided leather chin-strap, and black sheepskin chaps. These latter protected him against the cold to which his legs were abnormally sensitive, for he had been crippled in a war-time Commando raid. He walked with a rolling deliberate gait, grasping his walking stick that was like the club of Hercules. Now I shall never see that gay Titan again. Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell are both dead within a few months of each other, the man in the shadows and the man of light.

In an age when the layman no longer reads poetry, and the "difficult" poem is the province and pride of neo-Alexandrian scholarship, Roy Campbell embodied another tradition. Like Joyce Cary in prose, he in poetry reverted to the definiteness of the 18th century. His heroic couplets were as hard as Pope's, but with a living hardness. When in his more lyrical mood he used the four-stress measure—the standard of our English tongue—he used it with a grace and melodic exactitude predating Mr. Eliot's dissociation of sensibility. Whatever Roy Campbell wrote had clarity, clarity above all—then force, vigor and the hard melodic line. Unlike many of his poetic contemporaries he loved people, and he wrote to be understood. Not for him the trembling on the edge of communication, the incantatory symbol shorn of its referent. It was his pride that he could touch ordinary men, that for example, a poem as good as "The Clock in Spain" could and did appeal to Chicago politicians he ran into on an American lecture tour.

He and Dylan Thomas were the two most musical poets of the generation after Yeats and De La Mare. Only, Thomas was carried away by the surging melody of words and by his own golden voice to the point where meaning seemed to dissolve. Roy spoke the real epitaph for his friend when he said: "Dylan had everything, everything but brains." In Roy Campbell the flashing word-flood is there, but the words are always subservient to the meaning.

Roy Campbell was wrong times enough. I think particularly of "Flowering Rifle," the tremendous verse picture of the Spanish Civil War in which he fought for Franco. That poem, so magnificent and yet so distressing in its political overtones, was not published in America and happily not included in his *Collected Poems* of a few years back. In the thirties the left intellectuals were wrong too, but Roy was wrong out of the fashion in a less forgiven way. George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* is one of the best and certainly one of the most honest books that came out of the Spanish War. Though he and Campbell fought on opposite sides, they became friends in Orwell's last years. I like to think of it as a reconciliation.

Roy fought for Franco because he felt he was fighting for his church. He fought again in the Second World War, for his church, for his king and for his country. Those were the elemental things to which he gave his blood loyalty. He was proud, as proud as of any literary triumph, that he served the war out as a fighting man and a sergeant, an accepted member of a sergeants' mess. I doubt if any of those sergeants and sergeant-majors ever knew that tough Sergeant Campbell ever wrote a line. For the sergeant conception of a poet is still Bunthorne.

Roy Campbell, in his lifetime of a few years over half a century, lived half a dozen lives or more. See his young portrait by Augustus John in the Carnegie Art Gallery in Pittsburgh. Search out his youthful literary portrait in the whimsical opening of *Orlando*. He was a South African, an Englishman, a soldier among soldiers, a bullfighter, a fisherman, a breaker of wild horses on the Camargue, a traveler, a translator (read his Lorca, his Baudelaire, above all his St. John of the Cross), a critic, a fighter, a lover of life and of his enemies, a crowned poet of Provence, a lover of the beauty and meaning of words. He was one of the cleanest men I have ever known.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Impact of Books

This year's or next year's best-selling books, almost without exception, will be forgotten twenty years from now. For although books do influence all our lives profoundly—whether we have read those influential books or not—the particular books that change the world seldom are distributed by the big book clubs, nor do they often exercise their influence immediately. The books which have a real impact upon men's opinions and upon the shape of society make themselves known only slowly and in subtle ways; and seldom more than a few thousand copies of them are sold, in the years immediately following their publication. Some such books are quite ignored or unknown for hundreds or even thousands of years, but then may suddenly be resurrected and exert a startling power, germinating after ages in the tomb, like grains of wheat buried with the Pharaohs in the pyramids and planted many centuries after the Pharaohs turned to dust.

It is true, of course, that some great authors and their books obtain prompt recognition from the reading public and make their influence felt in their own generation, as well as by posterity. Herodotus' *History* was such a book, and Daniel Defoe's stories were of this sort, and Walter Scott's novels, and Dante's *Divine Comedy,* and *The Federalist Papers*—to take, almost at random, some influential books very different from one another. As a rule, however, the more popular books in every generation have only a very brief life; while some obscure volume, little known even to the more serious part of the reading public in the year of its first printing, often survives the test of the centuries and becomes what we call, somewhat vaguely, a classic.

Just recently an extreme example of this fact confronted us: the Dead Sea Scrolls. Having lain altogether unknown for two thousand years in dusty caves, the tattered manuscripts of the Essenes were discovered beyond the Jordan, eagerly studied by scholars, and published in editions of many thousands of copies, stirring up theological and historical controversies which will echo for generations to come. Thus the Essenes and their Scrolls have become far more influential in the 20th century than ever they were in the dim age and the remote deserts in which the Essenes lived. St. Paul spoke of the seed which may not live unless it perish. So it often is with written words.

In modern times, Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* illustrates this point. Written in German, in London, by an obscure revolutionary exile, this turgid and lengthy socio-economic treatise was unknown to the leading statesmen of Marx's day, let alone the general public; only a few hundred sets were sold some years after publication; and even today, though nearly everyone has heard the name of Marx, almost no one has read his principal work in full. Yet the book has had a profound and sinister influence; it has helped to turn the world upside down. It is most widely published in Russia, a country Marx detested, and in China, a country of which he knew next to nothing. It is not necessary for a book's influence that many people read it; it is needful only that a few strong-willed people—like Nicolai Lenin—should read it.

Sometimes the books which influence future ages never were designed by their authors to be influential. Aristotle's works, as we know them, were not written by Aristotle at all, but seem to be notes on his lectures taken down by his students; yet they have had an impact upon thought and society almost without interruption ever since Aristotle died. Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* are simply the Emperor's private journal, intended for self-discipline, not for other people; but they inspired the lives of modern soldiers like "Chinese" Gordon and Robert E. Lee. The Diary of Samuel Pepys, now so widely read, was a mere private exercise, never meant for the public eye. *The Education of Henry Adams,* privately printed for a few intimates of that remarkable man, since his death has given Adams an ascendancy over American thought he never expected to obtain.

And the authors who achieve immortality often are neglected and distressed in their own generation. Homer, blind, is said to have begged his bread from city to city in Greece; long after his death the chief towns of Greece, nevertheless, were at swords' points in their debate over which town had the rightful claim to the honor of having been Homer's birthplace. Dryden, the great poet and dramatist—"Glorious John"—suffered from pressing poverty all his life, and at the age of seventy, according to his own account, was "worn out with study, and oppressed with fortune," and was forced to contract with a bookseller to write ten thousand verses at sixpence a line. De Lolme, a Frenchman who wrote the first critical account of the English constitution, could get his important book published only with the greatest difficulty and humiliation, and came near to starving in England. Even David Hume, whose works of philosophy won him a great reputation late in the eighteenth century that has endured to the present time, was so disheartened by the failure of his books to obtain public recognition that he thought of changing his name and leaving Britain forever. His *Treatise of Human Nature* and his *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals,* now studied in every university, attracted almost no attention —except some sardonic attacks— when they were published. George Gissing, the nineteenth-century novelist, lived in garrets and cellars, on bread and drippings, most of his life, though his semi-autobiographical *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* has appeared in many popular editions since his death. "Most Authors close their lives in apathy or despair," Isaac Disraeli wrote, "and too many live by means which few of them would not blush to describe."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Great Fabian Fallacy

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

R. H. Tawney, who did even more than Marx to lead his generation of English and American intellectuals to socialism, has now reached the paper backs—his famous *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* has been issued as a Mentor Book (New American Library, 50 cents). Thus a work which has fulfilled its destiny in fastening a herd mentality on those who aspire to lead the masses has finally been made available to the masses themselves. If the mass victims of Tawney's Fabian generation respond by reading it, they may perceive the bitter irony of the truth that spurious notions can be even more effective than honest generalities grounded in evidence and the strictest logic.

This is not to say that Tawney's ideas about the emergence of the modern world from the breakup of the medieval synthesis are wholly wrong. But the socialist deduction from its central thesis is a great hoax. Tawney —and Max Weber before him—was accurate enough in his presentation of the development of capitalism in a time when other-worldliness was giving way to this-worldliness during Renaissance and Reformation. It is quite obvious that when men cease to live primarily with an eye to their Heavenly destiny, they will pay more attention to mundane matters.

But the conclusion which many have drawn from Tawney and Weber —that Christianity (or any ethical order, for that matter) is incompatible with freedom of choice in the economic sphere—is a whopping *non sequitur*. The truth is that morality has no redemptive virtue (and no Christian meaning) when it rests on compulsion. It is utterly incongruous to believe that one can be thrust or pulled into Heaven by a command which is wholly contemptuous of the individual's own will. As Hilaire Belloc has said, freedom and the exercise of one's will are aspects of the same thing—and a world which denies to an individual the right to choose is a world without moral content.

Rightly interpreted, what Tawney and Weber both prove is that Christianity—or any monotheistic religion —tends to create a capitalistic mode of life whenever siege conditions do not prevail. In the early Middle Ages Western Europe was palpably in a state of siege. The Saracens had closed out the Mediterranean by seizing its littoral on three sides. The Roman World, retreating into the north, was robbed of its spaciousness and mobility; men gave up town life and huddled close to the "big house" of the lord, turning in their titles to freedom in exchange for the protections of the feudal order. The Christian church, growing up in the atmosphere of siege conditions, performed its noble work by softening the rigors of a life that was essentially military; it stressed the spiritual duties of those implicated in a "relational" society and so prevented the lord from becoming a crude caudillo.

Naturally the church took a stand against usury at a time when there was no opportunity for money loans to expand into fruitfulness that would reward both the borrower and the lender. The church also stood for a "just price" and the manifold restrictions of the guild because there was little room for adventurous competition when society strained for safety in the face of a common enemy.

Once the enemy had been pushed back, however, the free will that is at the heart of the Christian order had its impact in the economic sphere. The Venetians and the Genoans adventured once again on the bosom of the Mediterranean. An energy that was capable of building cathedrals was capable also of building clock towers to mark a purely mundane time. And the monasteries themselves became centers of manufacture and founts of trade.

Tawney himself was acutely aware of a contradiction in his thesis, for banking and credit were developed in the Catholic cities of Italy and South Germany. Moreover, on Tawney's own showing, both Calvinism and Lutherism, far from trying consciously to plow a furrow for capitalism, were reactions against the practices of a Christianity that seemed suddenly to let down the bars everywhere, even in its temporal headquarters in Rome. In Calvinistic Massachusetts Puritans were put in the stocks for taking interest or charging more than the going price. If Calvinism helped to establish or to expand capitalism, it was because of a by-product of its thinking. That by-product was the theory that visible success, or prosperity, was a sign of the Lord's blessing. But it was not until the fiercely focused religious impulse in Puritans had simmered down that the "economic virtues" could triumph without interference. In other words, it could just as well be argued that capitalism, which began its efflorescence in the later medieval period, managed to survive the Puritan reaction. The Puritans themselves gave up their strictness when it became apparent even to the most committed of them that the Western world was no longer living in a state of siege.

The trouble with Tawney does not reside in his research, which is both scholarly and many-sided. What makes his book pernicious is that he began it with a bias. In Tawney's mind was a hunger for the great simplicities of a world struggling in scarcity and besieged by Saracenic hordes from without. The

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Fabian socialism which he advocated was an attempt to restore the conditions of the feudal armed-camp economy at a time when it was no longer appropriate to the circumstances. It would have been far more appropriate if Tawney had tried to persuade men to become voluntary Christians even amid the clangors of the market place and the temptations of a capitalism that was suddenly running to mass opulence.

The culminating irony is that the socialism which Tawney and his kind released on the world has created a new Saracenic empire—in Russia. And now, as it happens, the West is once again truly under siege. That is no reason, however, either to exalt socialism or to suppose that Christianity will not recreate capitalism whenever and wherever man has energy to spare—and the freedom to choose his destiny under God.

You Too Can Be a Locust

Anyone who addresses people with an intent to persuade is being demagogic. I am demagogic this minute. But my power to enlighten or deceive, to promise or bewilder, is least able to abuse when my medium has the smallest range. Socrates was a demagogue, but his medium was word-of-mouth. Listeners are best safeguarded against speakers when the latter *cannot* be heard by too many at once. The printed word is qualified by the fact that it can be read at different times. It is when the greatest number can hear the same thing at the same time that the greatest mischief is possible.

Oddly, when we think of 20th century "masses," we still think of Russia. But it was here, in this country, that the greatest "masses" were first created. It was here, and after 1930, that (in spite of a depression) the standard of living enabled technocracy to disseminate radio and television on a mass scale. It was here that entirely unprecedented enterprises which we now call "public relations" and "advertising" developed to harness these "new masses." And it was here, in the form of a "fireside chat," that this technocratic baby was first used politically.

It was also here that a first-rate poet, Nathanael West, held up the first mirrors to show us what our new Frankenstein looked like. His four short novels have now been reprinted in a single tidy volume (*The Complete Works of Nathanael West*: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $5.00); and once the well-meaning but vapid preface is removed with a razor blade, the remaining 400 pages tell us all we need to know about what West called "the day of the locust."

I set aside *Balso Snell,* a youthfully arty and not very vital thumbing of the nose at youthful artiness. In the remaining three novels, the situation is the same: a man who still has a face, who can still hope and believe and love, confronts, and is destroyed by, an indefinite number who are faceless. In *A Cool Million,* the mock-Horatio-Alger hero gets duped, battered, literally scalped, and finally shot at the hands of various political "groups" and demagogues whose ace-in-the-hole is an organized *demos* greater than any the Greeks ever dreamed of. In *Miss Lonelyhearts,* the "masses" take the form of all the anonymous letter-writers—"Desperate, Harold S., Catholic Mother, Broken-Hearted, Broad-Shoulders, Sick-of-it-all, Disillusioned-with-tubercular-husband" — who drain their despair into an agony column; and when the young man who writes it tries to reckon with them as individuals, to identify, particularize, and love them, he, too, is shot.

In *The Day of the Locust,* West takes us to Southern California, where people look up at the sky and think, "if only a plane would crash once in a while so they could watch the passengers consumed in a 'holocaust of flame,' as the newspapers put it." Here, where a monstrously mild climate has lured people from all over the country, their apathy and outrage stands stagnant until in the finale—a nightmare as explicitly horrifying as anything in Poe—it all suddenly congeals at a Hollywood "premiere" into one vast, slithering, crushing, blindly malignant mob. And this time, the hero not only gets his ribs broken, but he loses his identity and, in the book's last sentence, is screaming with everyone else.

West, who died at 34, did not live to see the possibilities of anonymity which came in with TV: for instance, a Presidential election as organized by Madison Avenue. Nor did he live to try to answer the question his vision poses: in the day of the locust, when x-millions of creatures can be synchronized, homogenized, neuterized, deodorized by the same singing commercial in the same three minutes, what does that anachronism—who keeps uncomfortably, ironically calling himself a crank, a misfit, an outsider—*do*? Where can he go, belong, hide, run; survive?

By way of hesitating a moment before so apocalyptic a question: in 1934, the year after *Miss Lonelyhearts,* Henry Miller published *The Tropic of Cancer.* Since then he has written a dozen or so sequels, all of which are implicit answers to West. The latest of these is called *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymous Bosch* (New Directions, $6.50) and is about the brand of high life Miller made for himself, and his family, for ten years on the Pacific coast fifty miles from Monterey.

Henry Miller is one of the loony extremities to which American writing pushes itself. Like Thoreau and Whitman, he is more interested in how to live than how to write. Moreover, his own temperament—anarchic, bohemian, self-satisfied—is not everyone's ideal. In his books, he is too frequently just bragging about how he got away with being Henry Miller. On the other hand, this perpetual stew which he keeps at the back of his stove is far more nourishing than a great many pre-packed products on the lit'ry market today. There is real meat in it, along with garlic, onions, paprika, and plenty of homely vegetables. Not *haute cuisine;* but not deep-frozen, either.

His answer? GET THE HELL OUT. Out of town; out of doors; out of earshot; out of range. Live, and if possible work, where you can smell the sea, watch the stars, notice the direction of the wind; where you have to deal with the weather, and maybe even cut your own firewood. In other words, give up the human community for the time being. Take out citizenship in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Above all, do something with your two hands, if only carry

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your garbage to a cliff and pitch it into the sea. Use your radio only to check the clock; and when you go to the movies, stick with westerns. Finally, if all this sounds frivolous, arty, self-conscious, and paranoid—just the anti-social daydream of another half-baked writer—remember the "new masses" are on your side.

ROBERT PHELPS

The Sister of Kings

Queen of France, by André Castelot. Translated by Denise Folliot. 434 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $5.00

M. André Castelot, a scholarly historian, does not spare Marie Antoinette. She was vain, arrogant, perverse, dissipated and frivolous. But she was also Royal. Her beauty was not a legend; it was truth. She maintained an unassailable purity despite

the most vile of slanders. She may have had one lover—the handsome Swede, Axel Fersen—but this is not proved. And their devotion to each other was in all respects idyllic. Fersen risked his life repeatedly to save the Queen and, in one of the most harrowing adventures in history, he arranged for her flight from Paris, himself driving the berlin. He had to suffer the unendurable torment of his failure.

The solemn horror of her end is not diminished by the certainty that it could have been no other way. Marie Antoinette asked for it—at every turn. Opportunity after opportunity was given her by moderates of the revolution to ensure herself and her husband at least some status of authority and respect in the new France. But Marie Antoinette could not forget that she was the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa and the sister of kings. The challenge of sansculottes to the absolute power of royalty was to her an affront by vulgar, lewd and calumnious ingrates. It was impossible for her to compromise. She was treacherous with the constitutional monarchists who were bent on saving her. And she sent her irresolute husband to the guillotine. Her own execution was an inevitable aftermath.

The author treats his reader with respect. He positively refuses to detail allegations against Marie Antoinette which were not only false but obscene. He does not dwell upon barbarities which would have been tartar steak for the appetite of an O'Hara. But he is scrupulous in describing the causes of her ruin, both in her nature and in her actions. She not only lacked all circumspection, but she positively refused to come to grips with the main cause of her fall: fantastic expenditures. Marie Antoinette broke the royal treasury, and with it the royal integrity. On bibelots, on hats which might cost 1,500,000 present-day francs! A succession of ministers tackled the huge debts, but failed. The most satisfactory to the Queen was M. de Calonne. "He borrowed 'to spend,' he borrowed again, he went on borrowing. He was called 'The Wizard.'"

Who says there is neither romance nor passion in economics? It was her deficit spending that delivered the Queen to the brutality of the ideologues and drove her up Sanson's ladder; and precipiated such atrocities against God and humanity that France has been dishonored ever since.

F. R. BUCKLEY

Two Traditions

Sojourn of a Stranger, by Walter Sullivan. 316 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $3.95

The World of Suzie Wong, by Richard Mason. 345 pp. Cleveland: The World Publishing Company. $3.95

Both these novels are about love and, wonder of wonders, they are both delicate, gentle and, in differing degrees, fine. *The World of Suzie Wong* is the world of a Hong Kong brothel, and she is a prostitute; *Sojourn of a Stranger* takes place from the early 1800s through the Civil War, and it concerns the loves, hates and passions of a man whose mother was a New Orleans octoroon. Also, it is the better and more sensitive novel, and it promises a brilliant future for Walter Sullivan, its author.

These two love stories signify current trends in English and American fiction. Mr. Sullivan writes from the South, with all its passion, all its melancholy and poetic love of land and tradition. He is of the Robert Penn Warren school; and echoes of Mr. Warren's heroine, Amantha Starr (*Band of Angels*), undoubtedly reverberate. But Mr. Sullivan, in portraying a man whose blood taint makes him a stranger to friends, country, and even God, has in many ways excelled the masters of his tradition. As Allen Hendrick (a hero in the old sense) works his way through the dilemmas of his status—grandson of a wealthy and respected planter-general, but son of a mother who cannot be accepted—he acquires a perception that is rare in the heroes of Robert Penn Warren. And his achievement comes without the melodrama into which Mr. Warren is so often trapped. Nor is there the degradation to which Mr. Warren is likely to descend. The development from hate and revenge to love and forgiveness is a moral progression; the heavy emotive facets of the pre-*bellum* pioneer setting are under scrupulous control; the sensitivity is never marred by lapses into brutality and sadism and carnality; and the lovingkindness of the protagonists rises gloriously above the potential welter of the story's passions.

You may disapprove of miscegenation, as I do, but I dare you not to love the tender Lucy Hendrick, the woman of color who makes a pilgrimage of her life, asking only that her son learn to forgive and to love, and to gain a true estimate of his dignity as a man. You will never forget Marcus Hendrick, the proud scion who chucked position and honor in

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order to marry Lucy, and who devoted his life to honoring and protecting her—but who needed the help of brandy. You will want to kiss the forehead of young Kate Rutledge, who falls in love with the outcome of this union, but who will not break her father's heart, and who will not give herself to Allen Hendrick until he has dissociated his love for her from his sense of vengeance. You will long remember Allen Hendrick, who is—above all deficiencies—a man, and above all that, a good man.

It is an intricate novel because it deals only with good people. They are all mistaken in many of their values; they all share in a guilt which is substantially that of original sin; but they arrive at some understanding of this. The measure of Mr. Sullivan's talent is that he eschews opportunities for a cheap way out. And while your sympathies are always faultlessly directed, you also, like Allen Hendrick, are asked for nothing more than love and understanding. The proof of Mr. Sullivan as a novelist is that he makes goodness exciting, and believable, and to be desired.

Mr. Mason represents the Greene-Waugh tradition. His book is crisp. It attempts a limited objective and economically achieves it. The language is sparing, and description is treated as an expository tool rather than as a symbolic and connotative feature. Mr. Mason defines where Mr. Sullivan suggests.

Mr. Mason is a better (or slicker) craftsman, and to many readers he may succeed better in doing less. He takes the story of an English painter who Lautrec-like chooses to live in a call-bar and slowly falls in love with one of the girls. The circumstances and the setting are conventional, the book abounds in clichés and some of the usual anti-Americanism. But it is gripping, there are well-handled surprises, and the love-affair is sensitive.

If Mr. Mason is a cut below his masters, he does not disgrace them. But his book does suggest something about the two traditions in the modern novel. Mr. Mason can only write competent Greene-Waugh, and can only hope to duplicate their successes; but Mr. Sullivan can write *better* Warren. It is the old argument Wolfe waged between the "putter-inners" and the "taker-outers." The first devolves from journalism, and it is abortive; the second devolves from the imagination, and horizons do not exist. William Faulkner is not beyond the reach of Mr. Sullivan. Nor is Faulkner a goal.

PETER CRUMPET

The Graceful Watcher

Close to Colette, by Maurice Goudeket. 245 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.00

A few weeks ago, there was a photograph of Colette in *Life* magazine, and the caption beneath it identified her as "the prolific writer of love stories," as though she were another Kathleen Norris. In our Anglo-Saxon world, "love stories" are regarded as a bit womanish, unserious, and infra dig. Even our French departments find it awkward to acknowledge that this much-photographed old lady, who once danced naked and wrote for daily papers and fashion magazines but never for *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, could possibly be anything but another successfully promoted French export item, like Chanel No. 5, or the Renault Dauphine.

And until I began, four years ago, to read through her works, I would have agreed. Since then, I have been unable to avoid a conclusion that still seems, outside of France, eccentric in the extreme: that Colette is one of the most permanent writers of all time; that a book like *La Naissance du Jour* is more original in technique and substance than anything by, say, James Joyce; that the fifty volumes which it took her so long to write—"so many hours stolen from travelling, loafing, reading, and a wholesome, feminine coquetry"—comprise the most remarkable single achievement in French literature from 1900 to 1950.

Once, while watching one of those trick films which show plants germinating and opening, Colette seized her husband's arm and cried, "Maurice, there is only *one* creature!" Often, while reading her books, I have stopped with a similar spurt of awe and told myself. "This is what a human creature looks like when it is in motion, when it is growing. It is not a question of getting larger, but of being able to pick up its own

weight in self-awareness." For Colette may have loved and watched creatures, but as she praises them, she shows us something else: a cannily graceful watcher whose focus includes her own precariously happening self.

The third husband of this extraordinary watcher also had a genius for beholding. It was perhaps for this reason that his wife always called him her "best friend." Even more aptly, Cocteau has called him her *dompteur*, her tamer, her keeper. For, as he adds, "all is monstrous in art, and Madame Colette does not escape this rule."

As any reader of her books can guess, her "monstrousness" originated in a wilfulness, an avidity, a fierceness, an anxiety to seize, possess, devour, anything she wanted; this, and a capacity—good for art, but chilling for life—to look long and hard and without sentimentality at whatever, including herself, aroused her.

To be honest, M. Goudeket's portrait of his wife is much too prettifying. Most of his anecdotes, charming as they are, tell only the nice side of her story; though once, apropos a photograph taken on her eightieth birthday, he does admit that "a man does not love a woman for her genius; he loves her in spite of her genius." On the other hand, his devotion is one of those instances (Yeats' wife is

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another) of a justice which is so rare that it is in itself beautiful to consider: in both cases, we have a first-rate genius who, having lived, worked, loved, suffered, and been all but broken by its first fifty years, is then rescued by an heroically disinterested love which secures and arranges everything so that, from then on, the genius can work without external disorder. (What if Shakespeare had had such luck at fifty?)

For it is no accident that Colette's most original works—*La Naissance du Jour* and *Ces Plaisirs*, the series of novellas from *La Lune de Pluie* to *Le Képi*, the half dozen volumes of memoirs from *Sido* to *Le Fanal Bleu*—were all written after her hectic life had been set in order by Maurice Goudeket's love. *Close to Colette* is a further gesture of this love; and if its discretion sometimes seems frustrating, we must remember that, like everything else M. Goudeket did, it is there to guard, enhance and frame what he loved best.

For something closer to Colette's *farouche grandeur*, we must go elsewhere: to Claude Chauvière's off-the-cuff sketches published twenty-five years ago; and, since her death, to Cocteau's address on accepting her chair in the Belgian Academy—the best thing ever written on her—and a sagely affectionate memoir by her stepson, Bertrand de Jouvenel. But her tough precision of watchfulness, her nimble intelligence of the heart, her peculiar acerbity, will probably never be better evoked than in her own writing. Only last night, while re-reading the novella called *Bella-Vista*, I came across a single sentence which embodies it so casually and definitely that I shall risk a rough translation of it here: "Three or four lighted windows, the fog-patched, intermittently starred sky, a night bird's cry above the unfamiliar landscape, all knot an unintensive anguish in my throat, an impulse to sob, which however I can readily relieve, being sufficiently content as long as it be given me to savor, even to relish, these fruits of conscious aloneness."

ROGER BECKET

The Significant Life

An Approach to Christian Education: A Symposium, edited by Rupert E. Davies. 159 pp. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75

The various authors whose essays are here collected write pungently and, I think, in the main very wisely about a subject matter which has significance the world over, even though the authors are all English Methodists writing primarily for England. In view of the divisions within Christendom, and because of the more pronounced cleavage between the theists of various sorts and atheists as well as agnostics, it is safe to say that we shall never have a book which "adequately" handles the philosophy and theology of Christian education. Be that as it may, this book deserves a place with such a classic as Maritain's *Education at the Crossroads*.

The authors have addressed themselves to such fundamental questions as "What is the end of Christian education?" and "Have teachers any right to impose their own view of life on the child?" The eleven chapter headings: 1) "Wanted—A Christian Philosophy of Education"; 2) "Christian Education"; 3) "The Natural Sciences"; 4)"Mathematics"; 5) "Science in Christian Education"; 6) "Christian Use of History"; 7) "The Classics"; 8) "Christianity and Literature"; 9) "The Place of Modern Languages in a Christian Scheme of Education"; 10) "Divinity"; and 11) "School Worship."

To the authors, Christian education "means dissatisfaction with anything less than the full development in each individual of his personality, of his powers of body, intellect and emotion; and of a society, in which he may grow, such as shall conduce to this end." They accept as postulates that man is a composite of body and spiritual soul; that there is a God; that He has a care for us; that the Incarnation and Redemption are historical and theological facts which have a bearing on education as on every other human activity.

Education has for its purpose the development of those characteristic excellencies of which the human person is capable. That presupposes a reasonably accurate knowledge of man's nature and capabilities. It is the objective of all good educational systems to spur students along the pathways of truth and goodness. That assumes that man can attain some knowledge of the true and the good. In the entire Western tradition, in the long sweep of Judaeo-Christian culture and civilization, there has never been a systematic and deliberate cult of ignorance, or of evil, even though there have been ignorant, skeptical and unrighteous men.

Acquisition of character is more important than acquisition of information. An educated evil man has always been recognized as a greater liability to civilization than a stupid good man. Intellectual and moral growth involves the liberation which comes from an ever-widening horizon. Each one of us, as creature, is limited in his potentialities and perfections, yet in every created thing there are some limited perfections. Education, as a process of knowing and loving the significant things and persons around us, makes us grow spiritually. In a real sense we become what we know and what we love. Man is enormously engrossed by knowledge and love. Good education starts students on the way of knowing and loving the right and significant things.

This doctrine is backed by the basic intellectual, moral and spiritual orientation of Judaeo-Christian culture; by the giants of our tradition of education, by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, the Major and Minor Prophets; by Homer and Aeschuylus; by Plato and Aristotle; by Jesus of Nazareth, His Apostles, The Apostolic Fathers; by Plotinus, Augustine, Jerome, Aquinas, Chaucer, Dante, Cervantes, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Shakespeare, Harvey, Montaigne, Pascal, Descartes, Newton, Milton, Locke, Montesquieu, Kant.

There is no list of "atheist greats" comparable to the great theists of Western civilization. Indeed the few atheists who were men of genius (in other respects) are universally recognized as defective personalities. But the heroes and saints who glorify our culture occupy the heights of intellectual and moral inspiration. Wherever there is a rare Lucretius, he is always extravagantly outclassed by Thomas Aquinas or Maimonides, by Isaias or Joan of Arc, by Tolstoy or Dostoevsky.

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

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Sense of Service

God's Fool, by George N. Patterson. 251 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $3.50

It is interesting that those Bible Christians who will have the Bible alone, subjectively interpreted, for their final rule of faith, can so speedily denounce others whose interpretation does not coincide with their own. This singular failure in logic springs from the same intensity of feeling, however, that drives them to accomplishment, that screws their courage a turn beyond the uninspired. George N. Patterson, one-time English machinist, is such a Christian, a member of the Assembly Brethren, a small and earnest sect. He had heard God speaking to him with a clarity that escapes the consciences of others and he acted upon those instructions.

He abandoned his job, sought a telescoped medical education provided by a missionary society, and left it to God to supply the wherewithal for his subsistence. He feels that it came in miraculous fashion, and that he was similarly enabled to travel to China, heading for Tibet, the destination that God set him.

It makes an interesting chronicle, particularly his pleasant days among the Chinese and Tibetans. It emphasizes the cause of the failure of many missionaries to those distant lands, and reveals the unsuitability of the Chinese and, more, the Tibetans for Communist collectivism. Patterson is sympathetic with the peoples of these lands and despises the Communists, having seen the Red Chinese armies overrun part of the country. He is inclined to the belief that the Communist plague is perhaps the scourge of God on a world that will not hear His word.

There is a good deal of conceit in the book, but if one overlooks it, one must admire the sense of service of this man, so certain of his singular election. The story deals with his involvement with a Tibetan leader planning a revolution, only to have the Red Chinese armies advance on him and Tibet. It closes with Patterson's flight (at God's personal insistence) to India to alert the world to the Communist determination to take over Tibet and India. His message was given, unfortunately, to a world not ready to pay the price for being alert.

HERBERT A. KENNY

Who Gets Royalties?

The Invasion of France and Germany, by Samuel Eliot Morison. 360 pp. Boston: Atlantic-Little Brown. $6.50

This is Volume XI of Professor Morison's monumental history of U.S. Naval operations in the Second World War, and it is up to his past high standard. And it is, to the layman, more interesting than the volumes dealing with the Pacific because of the more familiar theater involved, and because it is not strictly Naval but also goes into political strategy and ground operations.

Professor Morison, who recently lashed back, in a speech at Oxford, at Lord Alanbrooke for the latter's critique of U.S. war policy, presents an eloquent argument in support of the wisdom of Operation Anvil, the invasion of Southern France two months after Normandie, when the Germans were already in full retreat. Winston Churchill and most of the British top generals (and some Americans, notably General Mark Clark) thought that it was all wrong to move troops back from Italy instead of moving them forward into the Balkans. It is a matter to ponder that Stalin insisted on the former plan at Teheran, something that might have been construed as a "red flag"; but Roosevelt, Marshall, *et al.*, went along with Stalin and chose the Provence approach.

However, Morison contends that the so-called Ljubljana Gap is a narrow, tortuous mountain pass, and that there would not have been time, judging from our rate of progress up the Apennines, to get to Vienna soon enough to make a decisive point. But he does not reflect upon the fact that, if we had occupied Yugoslavia, it might have given the South Slavs and Eastern Europeans a choice between Communism and freedom.

The book is loaded with exhaustively detailed battle experience of everything from battleships to frogmen, so that anyone who served in the Navy in the European theater is a good prospect to buy it. Incidentally, it would be instructive to know who gets the royalties on this series. The Navy has commissioned Morison for the express purpose of producing history. If, as I suspect, Mr. Morison now cashes in, Senator Byrd could chop a splinter off the budget by inducing the General Accounting Office to bill the historian for nautical mileage and *per diem* on his years of traveling the several seas on Naval vessels. I feel confident that this would make no more than a small dent in his royal royalties.

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

Less and Less Sane

The Fourth Way, by P. D. Ouspensky. 447 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50

Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum*, first published in Russian in 1912, is a reasonably systematic exposition of a mysticism that was essentially compounded of the Hindu Vedanta and non-Euclidian mathematics. His later works were less coherent, and this posthumous volume is necessarily diffuse and repetitious; for it is a transcription of questions posed by his pupils and of answers given in English, a language of which Ouspensky was not entirely a master.

The essentials of his doctrine have undergone little significant change. There is in man an essence which survives death and is subject to a law of "recurrence" that is fundamentally the Buddhistic conception of palingenesis of the will, modified on the one hand by Nietzsche's *Ewige Wiederkehr* and on the other, strangely enough, by the association of birth with place assumed in the early Norse belief in reincarnation.

From the evils of this world a man may escape by "psychological thinking," which approximates the introspective meditation of Oriental thought, and by esoteric knowledge. Ouspensky sharply distinguishes knowledge from faith in a manner that reminds one of Geoffroy Vallée, and he reiterates that "faith does not enter into our system." But in effect he asks his pupils to follow him as the Hindu student follows his guru, and to accept pronouncements which admittedly are susceptible of neither logical nor empirical verification.

Not content with asking the West-

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ern mind to accept a method foreign to its nature, Ouspensky elaborates a weird cosmology. From Pythagorean principles he deduces a kind of esoteric chemistry (e.g. "the air we breathe is hydrogen 192"), and the usual astrological theory of planetary influences is supplemented by borrowings from primitive mythology ("everything that dies feeds the moon").

It would be difficult to challenge Ouspensky's gloomy dictum that "people are becoming less and less sane"; but many of us will be tempted to find in his book a confirmation of that thesis.

REVILO OLIVER

No Freedom

The Anatomy of Freedom, by Henry Pratt Fairchild. 104 pp. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.50

When the devil quotes scripture, the presumption is that the fellow does so with malice aforethought. When the Liberal undertakes to argue a case, on the other hand, he is equally lacking in objectivity, but he is quite unconscious of it.

The late Henry Pratt Fairchild, in his last book, *The Anatomy of Freedom*, says there is no such thing as freedom, and "no man ever can be free." Why? Well, for one thing, the law of gravitation prevents him from jumping upward and no man can will himself to live without food. Though he may want to rob his fellow-man, social conventions and the policeman hold him in leash. *Ergo*, freedom is a myth.

The concept of "natural rights" is a myth emerging from the myth of freedom. What we call freedom is simply the exercise of choice of action among the variables allowed by the rules of social living, as defined by the State. "The state is that agency, or aspect, of society authorized and equipped to use force"—and the moral justification for the use of such force is majority opinion.

Of course, if one is not a Liberal, or a fellow-traveler, or a professor, one knows what freedom is: it is the absence of those restraints on human action which are imposed by the State on the individual in the exercise of what he considers his natural rights. Neither social conventions, nor cosmic forces, nor biological necessity can make him un-free. Only the State can do that. And the age-old struggle for freedom has been to rid the individual of the strictures of the State.

Although Dr. Fairchild makes a dubious distinction between society and the State, his argument rests on the identification of the two institutions. He reasons that way, and apparently is unaware that he does. The conventions arrived at by society, or the majority, are codified in statute law and enforced by the State. If society decides against private property then one is free, even though the institution is abolished. If the majority decides that procreation is a social evil, something should be done about it. And so on. The rules of the game may be changed by society, but all the rules are limitations on freedom, which are enforced by the State.

The book, of course, opens with a laudatory introduction by Corliss Lamont.

FRANK CHODOROV

Loaded Dice

Wage Incentives as a Managerial Tool, by William B. Wolf. 143 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50

Professor Wolf claims to be the first to set forth the general "theory and logic" of wage incentives. Actually his book is largely a manipulated set of case studies designed to prove the iniquity of incentive wage plans.

First, he loads the dice by omitting all discussion of wage incentives in sales or supervisory jobs, where they have proved particularly successful. Confining himself to factory workers, Wolf distorts the picture further by contrasting the effects of *new* incentive systems with *old* time-payment conditions. Naturally, he finds that wage incentives disrupt existing relations, disturb workers, create problems, etc. An adequate study of incentives would also have investigated plants that shifted from incentive to time payments, and found out whether any disruption occurred then. The point is that *any* change in procedure is apt to create problems.

There shines through Wolf's case studies a horrifying picture of the mass of workers (though Wolf does not find it horrifying at all): They are wedded to existing status and fight progressive changes even to the point of fraud and sabotage. More important, they hate and fear the creative individuals, the more eager workers, the conscientious managers.

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Titillating Spain

Pagan Spain, by Richard Wright, 241 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.00

Mr. Wright's outlook on life will be familiar to everyone who remembers the opening pages of his autobiography, *Native Son*, which was a best-seller in its day. His new merchandise should be equally profitable. It contains the four-letter words that titillate our intellectals, and the ritualistic expectorations at General Franco that always warm the cockles of Liberal hearts. Constant reminders that the author as a Negro belongs to a "persecuted [*sic*] racial minority" will silence most critics and jerk tears from old ladies who would otherwise be disgusted by a dirty book.

The author reports that one day he left his apartment in Paris, got into his automobile, and drove to Spain. There he observed mountains, sex, poverty, sex, bullfights, sex, Fascism, and sex. His acute eye discerned phallic symbols in churches, Freudian mysteries in priests, and a profound analogy between the tapers carried in a religious procession and the sperm of a "sexually aroused bull." He also met a large number of Spanish women: the virgins silently yearned to sleep with him, the matrons were waiting to be asked, and the prostitutes clamored eagerly for the privilege.

In the intervals of repose the author automatically discovered that Fascism is a Bad Thing, and that Spain is "trying to turn back the clock of history." But the Liberal line needs to be refurbished now and then. It used to be *rigueur* to condemn the Spanish for being Catholic. This book will doubtless set the new mode in Liberal *Kaffeeklatsch* with the revelation that "Spain is not yet even Chris-

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tian!" The religion of Spain, we are told, is the paganism of "the Goths, the Greeks, the Jews, the Romans, the Iberians, and the Moors," and "the nature and function of Catholicism has enabled that paganism to remain intact." This discovery is particularly opportune now that American Liberals have, for some reason, begun to speak respectfully of God.

R.P.O

Bubble Gum Rhapsody

One Life, by Muriel Rukeyser. 331 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00

Wendell Willkie appears to have been a man who, although ill-educated and gullible, was energetic and sincere; but not even Homer could make a hero of him. On the other hand, even Hector would seem a boob were his deeds recorded in Miss Rukeyser's incredible style. One would suppose that her book was a travesty written in the worst possible taste, were it not so obvious that she is seeking to manufacture on an epic scale a political myth for the suckers who seem never to tire of fairy stories about "One World."

She flatters herself that she has created a new literary form, but she has merely combined the spasmodic incoherence which gave a certain novelty to the *vers libre* of thirty years ago with a rhapsodic prose that suggests nothing so much as an advertising agent trying to write about bubble gum in the style of Thomas Wolfe.

O.P.

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REVIEWED IN BRIEF

My Memories of Six Reigns, by Her Highness Princess Marie Louise. 256 pp. Dutton. $5.00

This is a Jane Austen kind of book by a naive lady who doesn't write very well, but who has a great deal to tell. She has a curiously innocent charm and can tell a scandal about Jenny Lind and the Duke of Wellington like a perfect lady. The Princess was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and died recently at eighty-four. She sprinkles the book with nuggets of history and good stories.

Preacher with a Plow, by Samuel B. Coles. 241 pp. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50

For thirty years Dr. Coles served as an agricultural missionary in Portuguese West Africa. When he died this year Africa lost a man of powerful common sense. A grim childhood in Alabama prepared him to work with the primitive people in Africa who would have defeated a man of softer background. He says little about preaching and much about teaching.

Congressman Abraham Lincoln, by Donald W. Riddle. 280 pp. Univ. of Illinois Press. $4.50

Young Abe stepped out on the wrong foot: when in the House, he spoke against the popular Mexican War. History has approved his attitude; the folks back home did not. Besides he didn't get enough jobs for them. So, for awhile, he was out of politics, but he knew better next time. A detailed account, not for amusement but for use.

John and William Bartram's America. Edited, with an introduction, by Helen Gere Cruikshank. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques. 418 pp. Devin-Adair. $5.00

This is the fourth of a series on American naturalists. John Bartram and his son William started the first botanical garden in the American colonies. Great naturalists, they explored Alabama, Florida and Georgia when they were wilderness. These are selections from their letters and journals from 1743 to 1775. A clean breeze blows through the text, the format and the illustrations.

The Witches, by Jay Williams. 339 pp. Random House. $3.95

A cloak and dagger novel about a plot against James VI of Scotland (James I of England), it is stuffed with what stuffed shirts are stuffed with. The blurb calls it "major," which it may be if you like your history that way.

The Durable Fire, by Howard Swiggett. 366 pp. Houghton Mifflin. $4.00

They say that one way to sell fiction to the big magazines is to show a woman about forty who has lived too hard and is a bit tarnished, and call her eighteen and pure. The heroine of this novel is built along these general lines.

A Teacher is a Person, by Charles H. Wilson. 285 pp. Holt. $3.75

Pernickety and amusing, this book is personal rather than philosophical. Mr. Wilson has drawn upon a long career as a teacher for a biography that wanders pleasantly among opinions sound and unsound.

The Poor Man's Guide to Europe, by David Dodge. 307 pp. Random House. $3.50

Revised and brought up to date from the original edition of 1953, this guidebook is mighty useful for Europe outside the Iron Curtain. A rich man can read it too, just for fun.

Science Looks at Smoking, by Eric Northrup. 190 pp. Coward-McCann. $3.00

Dr. Greene, who wrote the introduction, is Chairman of the Department of Pathology at Yale. Mr. Northrop is a journalist. They insist that the statistics showing a tie between cigarette smoking and lung cancer prove that figures can lie. Dr. Greene himself intends to go on smoking if he has to use sweet fern and grape leaves.

(Reviewed by Helen Woodward)

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To the Editor

Investigating the Court

I have read Mr. Burnham's article "Why Not Investigate the Court?" [July 20] with great interest. By way of a general statement let me say I like the article primarily for two reasons: First, his criticisms are constructive; and second, most of his conclusions and timely recommendations, according to my standards, are sound and well conceived.

As a most interesting and well-written weekly publication devoted to national affairs you must know how disappointing certain decisions of the Supreme Court have been to me and to many other lawyers. The recent abnormal emphasis by the Supreme Court on sociological and ideological matters and its disregard for classic legal principles and in particular the doctrine of *stare decisis*, have been confusing to say the least.

Mr. Burnham performs a needed service in reminding us of the extent to which the Founding Fathers obviously intended the legislative branch to retain an active interest in and coequal working relationship with the Supreme Court and the lower federal courts. Of late too many otherwise well-informed people have blithely assumed, or erroneously concluded, that the Supreme Court is superior to the other two branches of our government.

Mr. Burnham points out by his emphasis on Article III, Section 2 (". . . with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make") a means by which the Congress can and should maintain appropriate control over authorized functions of the Supreme Court. . . . It is well that the people and the Congress have now been effectively reminded of this. . . .

And yet, in an atmosphere as charged with anti-Court sentiment as I find existing today, so shortly after the Court's June deluge of precedent-shattering decisions, I will do my utmost to ensure that any Congressional investigations of the Supreme Court, or the entire Federal judiciary, are conducted in the most objective, unemotional manner possible. . . .

Specifically, Mr. Burnham's suggestion that the Congress investigate the backgrounds of those who have been and are advising our federal judges, their law clerks and secretaries, and so on, strikes a harmonious note with me. Similarly, I feel as he does that the Congress has the heavy duty of promptly going forward legislatively to overcome in a constitutional manner the damaging effects of the *Nelson* decision and the *Jencks* decision.

JOHN MARSHALL BUTLER
United States Senator
Washington, D.C.

In a Power Vacuum

James Burnham's lucid exposition of the remedies open to Congress for frustrating Mr. Warren's wayward court is a valuable contribution to the literature of frustration produced by its Jacobin decisions.

Mr. Burnham outlines precisely how a committee, preferably of the Senate, can, if it wills, found an irreproachable inquiry into the Court itself, its political prepossessions, its law and its irresponsibility. Article Three, Section Two, ceding authority over the Court's appellate jurisdiction, is an unassailable warrant. . . .

The joker is, of course, as Mr. Burnham comprehended, that this Congress has shown no sign of a corporate will to defend itself, its liberties and the national security. . . .

This errant and dishonest Court, citing precedents out of context and perverting them (as L. Brent Bozell pointed out *re Jencks*, July 20) is operating in a momentary power vacuum. The President could not be expected to take any principled exception to the Court's arrogance. He walks so wide of controversy in his second term that his precise locus cannot often be fixed in terms of policy. The Congress affords no livelier hope. The Senate, as I view it, contains few Constitutional scholars and scarcely any stalwarts jealous of Congressional prestige.

. . . The Court's insistence upon the absolute rights of the citizen as against society, in its endeavor to shield the Moscow conspiracy, arises out of the obscurantism of the age. The Court's intellectual sanctions are as seedy and contemptible as Marx and Rousseau are seedy and overthrown. Yet the Court walks in the pride of untutored simplicity and the coordinate branches lack the sophistication and the will to confute it.

Washington, D.C. FORREST DAVIS

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TIMESTYLE

(*Continued from p. 130*)

In the hagiography of *Time's* cover, the serene ambiguity of its moral tone, its abundance of oblique vindictiveness and lack of direct commitment, we see the disappearance of real judgment in journalism—and all our life is touched and transformed, at present, by journalism.

The fact that it uses real talent to exploit our language's past in cynical allusion, to capture the slang of the present in its most irresponsible phases, to mold the future by its influence, makes the magazine pivotal in a way that the frank trash and the dull journals can never be: because it is most truly representative of us, most truly our mirror. But language can take only so much of cynical and soulless use before it is drained of meaning, just as the tags of love and religion are cheapened by their sale in the hygienic graveyard of Forest Lawn and the mass daydream of "The Bijou" or "The Paramount."

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